Owe Yourself

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僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationships:
Midoriya Izuku & Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Nedzu

Characters:
Midoriya Izuku, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Background & Cameo Characters

Additional Tags:
5+1 Things, Family Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, Chronic Pain, Midoriya Izuku Needs A Hug, Midoriya Izuku Has Chronic Pain, Midoriya Izuku is a Good Person, Parental Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Parental Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Parental Kayama Nemuri | Midnight, Retired Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is a Good Teacher, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic is a Good Teacher, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic is a Ray of Sunshine, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight is a Good Teacher, Chaotic Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Nedzu Knows Everything (My Hero Academia), I wish Midoriya Izuku Makes People Drink Respect Women Juice was a tag

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Collections:

NWA Prompt Fics, Accidentally being dads (BNHA), finished works I'm in love with, Kori’s fic collection, isabella9792_readinglist, Finished, 👌 good shit, My Hero Academia Fics To Cleanse Your Soul ♨, MHA FICS, 📚 Fanfic Forum Discord Recs, fics that are stuck in my head (rent-free), the reason i'm an insomniac, Finished Favs, Oscar's favorite MHA Fics, Ace's Favorite FIcs, Fics for D-Nasty, Izuku's Dads, Reading once? Never heard of this, Todo lo que puedo llegar a OLVIDAR, unhinged and its 2am? perf mha fics for u, Re-read a thousand times, MHA Chaotic Energy 3000, Stars Library of One Two and Three Shots, Fics to love, From the Vault, hmm I guess I'll just cry about it (BNHA), AnoditeOmniaAbuzz, ✧Chris’s Best Izuku Fics✧, My favorite BNHA/MHA fics, Fics over therapy but happy, Good Books To Read A Concerning Number of Times, MHA_Favourite_Fics, Bnha Bookclub Discord Recs, (mostly) just some funky lil Izu fics, BNHA Fics that are OP, MHA fanfics to reread for laughs or mystery! Or better yet warmth!, Deku Protection Squad (DPS), Awakeat3chaos, Lux's fav fics, Fics that are way too good, laylins_favorite_short_fics, favourite MHA, Bnha frenzy, Izuku and Co being goobers, Dadzawa fics for the soul, A collection of parents, Mosscantwrite’s oneshot collection, under penalty of death, Cookies Fav MHA Fanfics 🍪, Rereads and Favorites to Share, Izuku has a rough time living but hes a main character so he has to., BNHA Must Read 💥

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by daylightbreaks

Summary

Izuku struggles with the pain in his hands after the sports festival. But because he knows how badly it feels to struggle with pain, he recognizes it in others - specifically, his teachers who try and hide it - and decides to do his best help the ones around him who are also in pain.

OR
5 times Izuku helps his teachers when they're in pain, and 1 time they help him.

[Now With two cool Podfics!]

Notes

Hi all! This was a blast to do, I had so much fun writing this!

This was written based off of a prompt from Freckled Sunflower on the NWA discord!

"Izuku is very observant and once he starts to deal with chronic pain from his injuries he learns to recognize the signs in others.... So Five times he helps out a fellow chronic pain haver.
However he's also terminally bad at dealing with the very things he's helping others with and ignores his own growing pain flare ups as long as possible as he helps the others...
So One Time someone helps him.
Bonus: The five people who he helps are teachers/adult heroes/ other adults.
Bonus 2: All the people he helps are the ones that help him in return.
Bonus 3: One of the people he helps out with their own pain flare up is Present Mic"

And because I absolutely adore the U.A Parent Squad for Izuku, I went the full mile and included them!! Some of the stuff he helps them with doesn't necessarily fall under the definition of 'chronic pain' but I hope y'all like this anyway!

See the end of the work for more notes

“You owe yourself the love you so freely give to others.” - Unknown

One - Yagi Toshinori

Izuku had been battling lingering aches and pains since his multiple-bone-breaking display at the sports festival. Of course, he’d been no stranger to pain beforehand, both emotional and physical - it was why he tried so hard to prevent it in others. The last thing he wanted was to see somebody else go through what he had.

This situation was a little different from his childhood days of protecting others from bullies, though. Those scraped knees and peppered burns always faded in time, but these pains stayed. The aches clung deep to his bones, gripping them tight as if to hold them in place, keeping him from shattering them again. They were a reminder that he had to do better, be better, keep improving.

But a side effect of developing chronic pain was that he was beginning to see it in others. He couldn’t exactly help it - it was second nature for him to want to make others feel better, a deeply ingrained instinct.

To be fair though, he didn’t need experience with chronic pain to know that his mentor suffered from it. All Might was notorious for neglecting his personal health and invoking Recovery Girl’s wrath. He regularly coughed up blood and Izuku had seen his scar first-hand. Everyone knew he had health issues, and Izuku was no exception.

After having his own brushes with chronic pain, Izuku did, however, grow an appropriate understanding of just how exhausting it truly was to deal with. And his mentor always put a smile on for him, no matter how badly he was hurting. He’d just wipe at his mouth with a handkerchief and proclaim ‘I am Here!’ without a second thought.

Well, Izuku couldn’t let that stand any more.

So he did what he did best, and one night in the dorms, he stayed up nearly all night to brainstorm on ideas to help him. He had a fresh notebook tucked away in his drawer, and he sat at his laptop all night jotting down notes on how he could best help his mentor. He did truly care for the man, possibly even going so far as to consider him a

father figure.

That was why seeing him in pain was no longer something Izuku would allow. And step number one would be to make sure he was on his proper diet! Recovery Girl was always nagging him about his meals and how much nutrition he was getting. Since he was missing his stomach, he needed to take extra care of his diet, but the man never seemed to do so.

Well, that was alright. Izuku didn't mind teaming up with Recovery Girl on that front. A quick trip down to her office to ask about what he needed to eat was something she was eager to assist with.

He walked out with a list of things he needed and a few vitamin supplements to get a hold of. That weekend, he made a trip out to the grocery store and prepared a week's worth of food for All Might in advance. His hands ached and he couldn't quite feel his fingers by the end of it, but when he looked at everything he'd made, he was happy with it.

The next morning, he marched right up to the teacher's lounge with one thought in mind: making sure All Might ate his food. He didn't care how it looked or how many times he had to listen to Todoroki's 'secret love child' spiel afterwards - if he could make his mentor feel better, it was worth it.

"All Might?" Izuku asked, knocking on the door. Aizawa was the one to answer, chugging a cup of coffee. He gave him the side eye, as if to ask why he was here so early. "Um, I have something for All Might. Can I give it to him?"

Aizawa studied him for a moment before finally relenting and allowing him inside. Izuku looked around, never having actually been in this teacher's lounge before. He'd only ever been in the one that never got used when they needed to talk about One for All quietly.

"Young Midoriya, my boy! You're here early!" Yagi smiled from the couch, giving him a small wave. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes! Um, here, please eat this." Izuku set the box down in front of him with as stern a look as he could manage. "Recovery Girl is always telling you to eat better, so I made you something. There's also some vitamins in there, and I wanted to remind you to take your medication as well! I don't mean to be overbearing, but, um, I'm worried about you."

Yagi's entire face flushed a brilliant red, likely out of embarrassment from being called out on his health problems by a student. Izuku felt a little bad, especially when he heard Aizawa snort into his coffee and Snipe ask in the back if he wasn't actually All Might's secret kid. But he wouldn't back down - his mentor needed this.

"I-I mean it, All Might. I… I really do worry," Izuku admitted, his eyes trained to the floor. The other teachers quieted down then, realizing that he was actually serious about this. "So please, um, eat this."

The irony of the statement was not lost on the man, but Yagi could hardly find it in him to say no to such an earnest request from his beloved successor. Aizawa was right - he was quite biased towards Izuku, but how could he not be? The boy was like a son to him. As he opened the box, he was surprised to find nothing but foods that were perfect for those missing their stomachs. Izuku had to have gone to great lengths to pick all of it out.

"Well, I can hardly let my student wallow in worry over me! Especially since you went to all this trouble for me." Yagi said, plastering on a sheepish smile. "I suppose I'll have to start eating better. I'll have what you made for me, my boy. Thank you very much."

"Thank goodness!" Izuku breathed a sigh of relief, pulling out the rest of what he had for that day. "I read that you're supposed to have six to eight smaller meals a day, so I went ahead and budgeted out the entire week in advance…"

Izuku devolved into a mutter storm about the technicalities, but Yagi was simply sitting there in shock. He'd done all that just for him? But the thought made a warm feeling settle in his chest. If it worried him enough to cause Izuku to do all this…

Perhaps he really did need to take better care of himself. It was the least he could do in return for Izuku's display of kindness.

Two - Aizawa Shouta

After the display in the teacher's lounge with All Might, the other teachers had teased the man about it but ultimately let it go. The man

was eating properly so far, especially with the other teachers on his case as well. They didn't realize he was supposed to be eating far more than he was, so they also got on his case when needed.

Izuku had no idea about it, of course, though he had suffered endlessly through another round of 'secret love child' conspiracies as he'd expected.

He'd just snorted and dismissed them with a wave of his hand. Izuku's wrist creaked with the action, and he resisted the urge to frown. His bones had been protesting more and more these days, but he tried to put it out of his mind. He had better things to focus on.

For example, Aizawa-sensei's horrible sleep pattern. He hadn't thought much about it before, simply assuming it to be the byproduct of being both an underground hero and a teacher at the same time. But when they moved into the dorms and his teacher was *still* showing the same level of fatigue, he worried about it being something else.

The man had awful bouts of irritability too, paired with his dry eye and frequent headaches. Izuku knew the telltale signs of severe headaches; his mother used to suffer from them frequently when he was younger. He wondered if they were more frequent after the U.S.J, when he'd received that head injury from the Nomu.

It was time for another round of research, Midoriya Izuku-style. When he pulled out that same notebook he'd written All Might's notes in, he got in the zone.

He came out of it all with a better understanding of headaches, migraines, and the subject of sleep overall. He also studied dry eyes and came up with a few solutions. Aizawa-sensei's problems would take a bit more long-term thinking to help, but it was a challenge Izuku would happily tackle.

The man had gone to battle for 1-A, nearly died for them, and Izuku could confidently say he was one of the best teachers he'd ever had. He couldn't let Aizawa-sensei be miserable.

First things first, Izuku needed to wean the man off of coffee. As much as his teacher loved the stuff, it was likely a big factor in his awful sleep problems. He found some drinks that mimicked the taste of coffee without the caffeine and picked out the one that tasted the best personally. There was just the matter of getting the man to switch over to it…

He brought it up when he thought it was right, hoping that his teacher didn't feel as if he was overstepping boundaries. It was one thing with All Might since they were already close, but this was different. Izuku didn't think Aizawa actually liked him that much, though he'd still do anything for one of his favorite teachers.

"Ah, Aizawa-sensei?" He asked. It was a quiet morning in the teacher's offices, and Aizawa-sensei was doing some grading. The man looked up, bleary-eyed as he'd likely fallen asleep over his paperwork.

"What is it, problem child?" He asked, his voice gravelly with sleep.

"Um, I have something for you. I-I think it might help you sleep better. It's like coffee, but without the caffeine. You're always sleeping in class, um, n-not that that's a bad thing! Just… I-I was worried about you. So, um, here." Izuku set a warm cup of the coffee alternative on the man's desk along with a package of it for him to make as he wished.

"…Thanks." Aizawa said after a long period of silence, promptly turning away to go back to napping on what looked to be Sero's essay. Izuku fought the urge to smile. That was a remarkably positive reaction from the man, all things considered.

The next stop he had was Hatsume's shop. He'd come up with a couple of designs for things that might help his teacher, and he knew she'd be up to the challenge. When he showed them to her, she was all too eager. She delivered him the items in less than a week. Perfect, considering Aizawa-sensei had gotten a horrible headache right after classes had ended that same day. Izuku saw it as the perfect opportunity.

"Um, sensei?" He asked softly, just barely tapping on the door to the teacher's lounge where he was resting. There was a groan before the man finally responded.

"What?" Aizawa snapped. "Did you break another bone, Midoriya?"

"No sir," He said, sighing at the thought that he'd done that often enough to warrant it being a valid concern. "I have something for you again. To help with your headache this time. If you'd like, I mean. I can always go-"

"Just come in here, problem child." The man grumbled. Izuku squeaked and stepped inside, the package he was holding nearly slipping. Aizawa-sensei lifted the pillow off of his face to eye the box

curiously, and Izuku pulled out the first item. He got water from the sink against the wall, heated it up, and poured it into the item.

“This is like a hot water bottle, but for your eyes,” He explained, holding out the item which was like an eye mask. “It’ll block out the light and help with the pain.”

“Where’d you get this? I haven’t seen anything like it,” Aizawa mused as he slipped the thing on over his head. When the gentle warmth of the hot water covered his throbbing temples and eyes, he let out a sigh of contentment. “You know what, I’m not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. This feels great, thank you.”

“You’re welcome!” Izuku grinned at the thought that he’d managed to help. “There’s a few more things in the box for you, but you can look at them later, when you’re feeling better. Get well soon, sensei.”

“Will do, Midoriya. Go ahead and get back to the dorms, okay? I’m sure your friends are waiting for you.” Aizawa said, sounding far more gentle than he usually did. Izuku dismissed himself quietly, leaving the teacher alone. When his headache finally subsided, he took off the mask and decided to poke around in the box Izuku had left him.

To his surprise, there were several things, alongside a note in Izuku’s handwriting. It was an explanation of each thing and how they could help him.

One was a humidifier - apparently, keeping one where you spent the most time helped with chronic dry-eye. There was also a bottle of the really nice, expensive but longer-lasting eye-drops, fairly self explanatory. Lastly, in a decorative box, there was a pair of goggles - just like his traditional yellow pair, but with a protective plastic layer on the inside to prevent irritants from getting in while he was fighting. It also had a built-in eye spray so he wouldn’t have to stop and apply them in the middle of fights.

According to the note, Izuku had Hatsume make these - including the eye mask - for him because he was worried about ‘one of his favorite teachers running himself ragged when he wanted more classes from him.’ Aizawa could only stare, dumbfounded, at the note in his hands.

Nobody had ever called him their favorite teacher before. He’d have to find some way to repay the kid for such a thoughtful and amazing gesture. As much as he called him his problem child, Aizawa had a deep care for all of his students, especially Izuku. The boy was heroic, almost terrifyingly so, which was what worried him the most.

Maybe he'd stop teasing Yagi about his fatherly relationship. He'd never admit it, but Aizawa could kind of understand where he came from.

Three - Yamada Hizashi

Izuku's hands had been getting shaky lately. They were a bit harder to control even on the best of days, and the tingling numbness had begun to travel up his fingers the more and more he used his arms. He had to wear his compression sleeves all the time these days, and though he tried the techniques Recovery Girl had shown him to alleviate pain, he was either not doing them right or they weren't working.

He didn't know which, and he didn't want to know. The last thing he wanted to be was a burden to anybody. He'd be just fine, he could manage. That was why he'd focused on his legs, after all, so he wouldn't have to worry about his arms!

Besides, he was pretty sure he'd discovered another one of his teachers in pain.

When Izuku thought of pain, he thought of All Might or Aizawa or even himself. The last person he thought of when it came to pain was Present Mic, or Yamada-sensei as he insisted the students call him. The man was bright, smiling, always exuberant. He never seemed to be in pain, really.

But it was the subtle things that had tipped Izuku off to the man's discomfort. There were frequent days where he was slightly more quiet, subdued in ways the others didn't seem to notice. On those days his voice was almost hoarse, and he seemed exhausted. And even aside from those days, it seemed like Yamada-sensei was often covering up eyebags with makeup. Izuku had seen the man do it more than once, though he never said anything about it, not wanting to embarrass him.

Did Yamada-sensei have trouble sleeping, he wondered? And did his quirk cause him frequent sore throats from his quirk or exuberance, perhaps? Izuku knew that yelling could also cause headaches sometimes. Maybe he could get the man one of those eye masks Hatsume had helped him make for Aizawa.

He needed to do a little bit more research. He didn't know a lot about voice or throat related things, so it was time for more Midoriya-style research. Even if it was for something like this, he relished an academic challenge of any kind.

So with another section in his notebook outlined and ready to go, Izuku got down to business to work on helping Yamada-sensei. His sleeping habits would be harder to fix, since he had a radio show he ran at early hours of the morning and school to take care of on top of it. The man didn't seem to actively patrol any more these days due to his packed schedule, but he did missions when he was called out to them and he ran a hotline for those in trouble through his radio show.

He really was an incredible hero, doing all of that for others. Izuku had grown up listening to Put Your Hands Up! Radio, and it hurt to see somebody he really looked up to in pain like that.

When he was done reading, he figured there wasn't a lot he could do to prevent the pain beforehand if it was the yelling. As for his headaches and sleep schedule, well, he couldn't exactly 'fix' those either, but he'd do his best to help.

He had Hatsume make another one of those eye masks, and on a day when the man seemed to be struggling a little bit, he brought him a thermos of hot tea with honey. "Um, here you go, sensei. You seem tired, and your voice sounds tired… I hope you feel better soon!"

Yamada blinked in surprise at the sudden appearance of the green-haired child at his desk, but his expression softened when he realized he was bringing him something to help him. He hadn't thought he was being so obvious, but apparently it was bad enough for the students to notice. Still, it was nice of Izuku to do that for him, he thought. Yamada accepted the tea with a smile.

"Thanks, little listener!" He said happily, though he winced at the strain it put on his voice. Izuku frowned a little bit.

"You know, you don't have to be excited and happy all the time. We understand if you want a calm day, sensei. It's just us, not civilians," Izuku said gently. Yamada seemed to take that in, shocked the boy had seen right through him. "It's exhausting to put on a smile all the time, huh?"

"Yeah, it is," Yamada said, almost a little suspiciously. Izuku sounded like he knew from experience, but what experience did he have, he wondered? He looked like the embodiment of sunshine all the time.

Was some of it fake or practiced?

Izuku seemed to sense the gears turning in his head so he quickly changed subjects and handed over the eye mask. “I also have this for you, sensei! Um, you look like you get headaches a lot. So put hot water in this and put it over your eyes, it should help, kind of like a warm compress. Anyway, that’s all, sensei. Just, um, take it easy, okay? I… like learning from you. English is one of my favorite classes, so don’t burn yourself out, please.”

Yamada had a soft smile at the earnest request from his student. How could he be anything but appreciative of such genuine concern? He patted Izuku’s head gently and took the mask from him. “Thanks, little listener. I’ll take it a bit easier. I’m sorry for worrying you, so just rest easy.”

Izuku smiled back much the same way and he nodded as he took his seat. But that conversation left another thought in his head - Yamada-sensei must have days where he practiced his smiles too. Maybe he could do his best to boost his mood on those days. He always did love interaction…

Izuku started speaking up more often in class, responding to the call-and-response shouts their teacher did. It always earned him a genuine grin, even when he was the only one doing it. Thermoses of tea or cough drops would mysteriously show up on Yamada-sensei’s desk on those frequent days of sore throats, and the students had seen him wearing the eye mask more than once.

Nobody except Yamada knew who was doing it, but he’d been more relaxed than he had in a while thanks to Izuku looking out for him. The students did understand the desire for calmer days like Izuku said, and it made his job far less stressful to not have to plaster on energy he didn’t have. His heart was warmed by the thought of such a caring kid.

What surprised him the most, though, was when Izuku came up to him one day with a book in his hands. It was an English novel, one he’d read before. He was surprised to see Izuku with it though, he didn’t think the boy read English novels. Izuku gently held out the book to him.

“I was wondering if you knew about this book, sensei? I want to read English books to help me with my classwork… and if I like them a lot maybe we could make an English book club here in the school? I think

it would be fun!" Izuku said brightly. Yamada brightened up as well when he heard the suggestion - he'd been thinking about a book club for years, but he'd never had any students interested enough to warrant making one. But now there was a student suggesting it, so maybe…

"Well, I think that's a great book for you to start off with!" Yamada said easily, taking note that it wasn't particularly difficult, but it wasn't super low-level stuff either. It was a good middle ground for somebody to use as study material. "And I'll see about a book club, kiddo. If you get a couple more students who want to join, I think I could make a case with Nedzu!"

"Really?" Izuku grinned from ear to ear. "That's great! I know Yaoyorozu and Tokoyami would love to join, I'll have to ask about Todoroki and Iida…"

Izuku went off into another mutter storm about books and his classmates, half of which Yamada couldn't understand, but it made him happy. Izuku really was a one-of-a-kind kid. He was proud to call the boy his student.

And if the other teachers noticed how much better he seemed to be doing, nobody said a word, and Yamada wasn't saying anything either. He was too busy thinking of ways he could repay the kid for his kindness.

Four - Kayama Nemuri

Izuku spent half of Kayama-sensei's class distracted and out of sorts. He frowned down at his own hand, which had begun to tremble after a long day of writing long notes for class. On particularly bad days, it was hard to even do so much as hold a pencil correctly. The pain flare-ups would be so intense he could hardly think, much less use his arms properly.

It was beginning to really wear on him, and he was a little snappy. Perhaps that's why he noticed Kayama-sensei's struggles when he did - he was in no mood to pull his punches and he certainly wouldn't tolerate people being mean to her.

Despite her appearance and persona, Kayama-sensei was remarkably gentle with the students. She usually didn't even wear her hero costume around the school unless it was for specific events, like the sports festival or their finals. Still, some students talked about her like she was a piece of meat, and it made Izuku sick to hear.

He could only imagine what it was like for Kayama-sensei herself, who had to hear that stuff said about her on a daily basis, and had things insinuated about her by other hero professionals simply because of the persona she presented to the public.

Well, Izuku didn't want to hear it any more. Kayama-sensei was nice to him, and she always complimented his essays and art. If he heard one more person talk about her in an unsavory way, he'd lose his mind.

"Did you see Midnight's appearance on TV the other day?" Mineta asked, almost excitedly from his seat behind Izuku. He and Kaminari were talking as usual, but Izuku was in a godawful mood and he had no anxiety as he usually did.

"Yeah!" Kaminari nodded. Mineta seemed to lean in, though he was still clearly whispering loud enough for the others to hear. Including Kayama-sensei herself, who was frowning as she wrote on the board. She typically broke these kinds of conversations up before they started, but everyone had days when they just didn't have the energy.

"She was so hot in that new suit! I can't wait until I graduate, then-" Mineta was cut off by Izuku standing sharply from his desk and slamming his hands down on Mineta's desk instead, startling the boy so badly he went pale. If Kayama-sensei wouldn't break up the conversation, he certainly would.

"And then what, Mineta-kun?" He asked slowly. The purple-headed boy looked very afraid all of a sudden, though Izuku had no idea how terrifying his face actually looked. "Why do you talk about her like that? Like she's not right there in the front of the classroom? Women are people, Mineta, they're not objects. You need to learn to respect them or nobody will want to work with you and you'll just be sad and alone in the future. I don't want to hear any more comments about the girls or the teachers, understand?"

Mineta swallowed thickly, trying not to look queasy as he nodded. Izuku released his tense, painful grip on the other boy's desk without a word. He sat back down in his own seat with a sigh and rubbed the

throbbing muscles in his fingers.

“Sorry about that, sensei,” he said softly, looking up at her with a sympathetic expression. “Please continue with your lesson.”

Kayama-sensei had some kind of indecipherable look on her face, but she just nodded. When Izuku saw her lips quirk up in just the barest hint of a smile, he knew he’d said the right thing. “We‘ll have to have a talk about the appropriate time for those conversations, but it’s certainly understandable to have it. Thank you, Midoriya. And as for you, Mineta, he’s correct. Try to take what he said to heart.”

The rest of the class period went by in stunned silence from his classmates. They’d never heard him make such an outburst before. Some of the girls looked appreciative, but for the most part they were all shocked he was capable of getting so snappy with any of them, even Mineta.

Izuku couldn’t bring himself to care about that, though. His hands were hurting really badly. Maybe he’d ask Todoroki for some ice at lunch. For now, he decided to do his best to focus on Kayama-sensei’s lesson. He did genuinely enjoy learning from her, after all. He’d just have to transcribe his notes later, when his hands didn’t hurt so bad.

He watched everything she wrote down carefully, but he ended up being drawn instead to the way she walked. She favored one foot over the other just slightly, and walked as if her ankles hurt. She wore heels a lot and she even had them in her hero costume… did long-term use of heels hurt her ankles?

His mom always said that if he had a wife, he should make sure she didn’t wear heels too often since they could force toes into unnatural positions and be killer on the ankles. Izuku wondered if that’s why Kayama-sensei walked like that.

He frowned. So many of his teachers were hurting, even in small ways… and just like Yamada-sensei, he didn’t particularly associate her with pain. She was always upbeat and happy, but he knew the comments had to get to her sometimes. Even if she never acknowledged them and cracked down on talk of her in class, they still had to hurt a lot. Emotional pain was still pain, after all.

Izuku knew that from experience.

He’d do his best to help Kayama-sensei, too. When his hands stopped hurting, of course. He didn’t want to mess anything up and make it

seem like he wanted attention. Being a burden or an attention-seeker was one of his biggest fears thanks to the education system he'd grown up in.

Shaking off the negative thoughts, he muddled through the rest of the school day with a gentle reminder from Kayama-sensei to leave those talks to the teachers in the future, though she appreciated it and assured him he wasn't in any trouble.

When he got back to the dorms, he did research on the long-term effects of wearing high heels and how to combat pain from frequent use. Despite what his mother told him, he wasn't going to just dictate Kayama-sensei's choice in shoes, so he did his best to come up with ways to make them more bearable.

It took a couple of stores and another trip to Hatsume, but he got everything he needed. The inventor didn't even question why in the world he needed any of this stuff, thankfully just intrigued by the blueprints and eager to make stuff. He wasn't sure about Kayama-sensei's shoe size or arch type, so he had to guess at a couple of things, but he hoped they worked.

The next day, there was a gift left on her office desk with a note.

'Here are a few things for you, Kayama-sensei. I hope your feet feel better! The compression sleeves go around your ankles, and they should help. There are a few other things in there I think you will like for the days you wear heels. Also, my mom says an old trick for making heels less painful in a pinch is to tape your third and fourth toes together. I don't know how well it actually works, but I thought I'd let you know about it anyway.

- Midoriya Izuku

"Midoriya got you too, huh?" A chuckle from her friend and coworker startled Kayama out of her thoughts as she was reading the note. She looked up to see Yamada there, looking at the stuff in the box. There were shoe inserts, ankle compression sleeves, and heatable foot wraps to ease pain.

"I don't even know how he knew my feet were hurting," Kayama murmured, gently lifting one of the inserts out to look at it. "I didn't think…"

"That you were advertising it? Yeah, me neither." Yamada chuckled again. "Apparently he's been going around and mother-henning the teachers. You saw the way he goes after Yagi when the guy doesn't

eat."

"Well, their relationship is different, y'know?" Kayama mused, taping the note up along the wall of her little cubicle with a fond smile. "I didn't think he paid that much attention to us, let alone cared enough to go and get all this stuff."

"Ah, that's where you're mistaken." Another voice joined them and startled them both, and they looked to see Yagi walking up to them. "My boy cares deeply about heroes. He notices everything about everyone. He's very observant."

"Huh, I had no idea. I'll have to thank him." She said, taking her shoe off to ease on one of the compression sleeves. The way it hugged her ankle felt godly, it instantly relieved the pressure on her poor, overworked tendons. "Oh my god, that feels great! How come I've never tried these before?"

"We don't always think of those sorts of things, I suppose. We just got used to dealing with it. At least from my own experience, that is." Yagi said. The others agreed with him. When the conversation died down, that was when Aizawa walked in, looking mildly annoyed.

"Does anybody know why my class is telling each other to 'drink respect women juice or Midoriya will take your bones'?" He asked with a grumble. Yagi nearly spit out the water he'd been drinking with laughter. Kayama burst out laughing as well, clutching her stomach.

Yeah, she'd definitely have to thank him, she thought.

Five - Nedzu

When Nedzu heard about the gifts Midoriya had been giving to the teachers, he found it very curious and a bit amusing. Watching Yagi wilt under Midoriya's stare when he didn't eat properly or watching hot drinks show up on Aizawa and Yamada's desks was a favorite part of his day. He loved the chaos one student could bring.

He did wonder, though, why he'd started worrying so suddenly about the teachers. What had prompted the sudden acts of kindness? It wasn't malicious and the teachers weren't uncomfortable with it, so he

let it continue. It was just curious, and Nedzu loved puzzles.

So that was why he called in Midoriya after the incident with Kayama. There had been rumors going around the school that Midoriya would 'take your bones' if you disrespected women. Nedzu thought it amusing, but it did need to be dealt with if it involved talk of violence in any capacity. The boy looked supremely nervous when he sat down in the principal's office, and not the normal kind of nerves, either - it was the kind of look when somebody was remembering previous bad experiences.

Even more curious.

"So, I suppose you're wondering why I called you in. Don't worry, you're not in trouble right now. I simply wanted to ask you about the recent development that's been making its way through the halls. I do keep my ears to the ground, so to speak," Nedzu said with an amused expression. Izuku turned a bright red.

"Oh man, you mean the whole 'taking people's bones' thing? That was just a misunderstanding, really! Mineta was making some gross comments about Kayama-sensei and I asked him to stop. I-I might have gone a bit overboard… but I wouldn't hurt anybody!" He quickly reassured the principal. Nedzu nodded, humming thoughtfully.

"I see, I see. Kayama-san said as much, but I wanted to hear it from you as well. Very well then, as long it's not bothering you and there's no basis in reality, it's perfectly fine." Nedzu waved his paw. Izuku blinked in surprise.

"Um… that's it? I-I'm not in trouble or anything, sir?" He asked nervously.

"No, why would you be? If your teacher didn't see it as anything worth punishing you over, I trust her judgement." Nedzu said, filling out some notes about their meeting on his computer. He squinted a little and pressed a paw over his scar, the light hurting his eyes. Staring at screens made his eyes hurt and his scar ache. He'd never been a fan of computers, but he had to use them day in and day out. Computers were his kingdom, even if he wasn't exactly fit for them.

"Oh… alright," Izuku said, a little dumbfounded. On his end of things, he'd never had any trip to a principal's office that didn't end in detention or some other punishment. And he also noticed Nedzu unconsciously squinting at the screen and rubbing his scar, and Izuku wondered if he had trouble with it or something. Perhaps another

thing to look into. “Well, thank you sir. I’ll… see you later, I guess?”

He was a little awkward, but Nedzu wasn’t bothered in the least. “Oh, and Midoriya, please keep up your gift-giving antics. It’s quite amusing to watch.”

Izuku just nodded and took his leave from the room. He had a few questions spinning around in his head now, and he knew just who to ask. Since the day was already over with, he headed back to the dorms to find who he was looking for.

He saw the boy in the commons, and he waved to him. “Koda-kun! I had a question for you if you’re not busy?”

The shy boy turned around to see Izuku. He shook his head no. He wasn’t busy. He was eating a snack with Sato, but otherwise he was free. Izuku smiled a little sheepishly. He had no idea how to ask this without sounding strange, but ever since he’d seen Nedzu look at his computer like that, he couldn’t stop thinking about it.

“Well, I was wondering… when you speak to animals, do you learn a lot about them?” He asked. Koda brightened, he loved talking about animals! He nodded eagerly. “Oh, good! I was hoping I could ask you some things about animals.”

“Wh-What do you want to know?” Koda asked quietly, and Izuku smiled at him.

“I was curious about stoats, ferrets, weasels, that sort of thing… but really any animals. If they were quirked, would interacting with human stuff like computers hurt them? Like if you saw an animal staring at a screen all day, would you worry about them? I saw a quirked animal like that the other day, a ferret who snuck into the library.” Izuku lied. He didn’t like lying, but he also didn’t want to just give away Nedzu’s personal information without his permission if it turned out to be true.

Koda seemed to think about it for a moment, rubbing his chin in thought. After several moments of contemplation, he finally spoke. “That’s an i-interesting situation… I’d say they aren’t really built for that kind of thing, no… unless their quirk h-had something to do with computers or human technology, it might s-strain their eyes and affect their vision, I think. Pr-Probably even give them headaches.”

Koda didn’t usually speak so much, but when it came to animals he was more than happy to oblige. Izuku nodded, deep in thought. Looks

like he had another trip to Hatsume in his future, but he wasn't sure if she could do what he had in mind.

Still, the next day he trekked out to see her. When she insisted she could do what he was asking, he left it in her capable hands. In the meantime, he picked up something else he thought might help. A week later, Hatsume had his idea perfected and ready for him. He took the gifts straight to the principal's office after school, hoping it would help.

Nedzu had been principal for many years, and likely used computers for even longer. Prolonged exposure to the screens had to have been taking its toll, and if Koda was right, he was likely suffering from frequent headaches. If Hatsume was right, this should help reduce the strain significantly.

When he reached the principal's office, the door opened before he could even complete his first knock. Somehow, the principal always just knew when people were there. He stepped inside quietly, watching Nedzu sip at a cup of steaming tea.

"How can I help you today, Midoriya-kun?" Nedzu smiled. Izuku smiled back and set down the two gifts he got in order to help. Making sure those around him had come second nature to him by that point - and how could he not want to help the first kind adults in his life aside from his mother? It was like asking the sun not to rise.

"I have these for you, principal. I noticed you seemed to have trouble with your computer screen when you called me into your office the other day…" Izuku opened the box and lifted out a pair of strangely-tinted glasses. "These should lessen the strain on your eyes when you look at screens. Um, assuming that my guess of you being mostly stoat mixed with some mouse and dog traits is correct…"

"Oh my," Nedzu blinked, genuinely surprised. "I don't believe I've had a student correctly guess that before, but you'd be right. And these glasses are…?"

"Made specifically for a combination of those three animals. The lenses will keep your eyes from hurting when you have to stare at screens all day. And, um, this is scar cream." Izuku pushed the other thing forward. Nedzu eyed it almost suspiciously, and Izuku knew what he was thinking. "It isn't because I pity you or anything sir, honestly. I saw you rubbing it and I thought it might hurt you sometimes. Mine hurt me too."

Izuku rolled up the sleeve of his right arm, the one that had taken the brunt of his bone-breaking escapades during the beginning of One for All. Nedzu had presumably never seen the scars before, so he was just reassuring him that it came from experience. “So, you know, I just thought that if it helps me, maybe you might like some. I like that brand the best.”

“Well, that’s very thoughtful of you, Midoriya. I appreciate the gesture. I had never thought about asking for specialized glasses before, I suppose I simply got used to putting up with screens.” Nedzu finally said, his expression turning more gentle. He placed the glasses on his head curiously. He found they were even specially tailored to his head shape as well, with a little strap to keep them in place.

“Well, I hope they help.” Izuku bowed a little. “Um, I guess I’ll go now. That’s all I wanted to say.”

“Why not stay for a game of chess before you go?” Nedzu offered, pulling out another empty cup and saucer from somewhere and filling it up with tea. “We can have tea while we play as well.”

“Oh! If you’d like, that would be fun,” Izuku smiled. When he took the hot cup of tea in his hands, the heat seeped into his weary muscles and bones and made them a lot more relaxed. He found it quite soothing, honestly.

If anybody heard Nedzu’s maniacal, cackling laugh from his office halfway through the game, they certainly didn’t say a word about it. Nedzu had found something quite curious in Midoriya Izuku, that much was for sure.

Plus One

Izuku felt like he could cry. He just wanted some hot chocolate.

Firstly, his day had been awful.

He’d had training, and for some reason though things had improved between them, Bakugou had been unusually abrasive. He’d fumbled Yamada-sensei’s cup of tea that he always brought, and the winter air made his pain and numbness flare up with a vengeance.

And then after school, he'd been in a bad mood because of all of that happening and he accidentally got snappy with Uraraka when he didn't mean to. He'd felt awful about it, but she wouldn't speak to him for the rest of the day. He kept to himself for the rest of the afternoon as well, not trusting himself to not accidentally hurt anybody else's feelings.

He remembered what his mother always did for him on bad winter days like this - she made him a cup of hot chocolate and put on his favorite All Might video. It might've been a little childish, but he felt like it was exactly what he needed right now. Afterwards, he would go and apologize to Uraraka properly and things would be alright, he hoped.

He'd gone to the little convenience store down the road from U.A to grab some of the instant mix and some milk since they were out. It was winter, and the cold always made his hands worse, his bones creaking as if they too were freezing. So he'd gone to get the mix, braved the cold and everything, and came back to the kitchen to try and warm up his hands.

Evidently, it wasn't enough though, because his traitorous hands trembled and gave out when he got his mug out of the cabinet. It slipped from his hands and shattered all over the floor, and suddenly there went his favorite mug.

He'd had that All Might mug since he was a little kid, a gift from his mother.

And when he knelt down to pick up the pieces, he couldn't even hold his hands steady enough to keep hold of them. He was sitting on the floor with his favorite mug in pieces, his hands killing him, and he was pretty sure one of the scattered ceramic pieces was cutting into his leg right now.

He'd had such an awful day that this was just the straw on the camel's back. He couldn't help it - he sat there angrily, crying and sniffling with the mug broken all around him.

"Midoriya?" He heard a gentle voice, and he looked up to see Kayama-sensei standing over him with a worried expression. She must have been here to talk to Aizawa-sensei about something, he supposed. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," he said hoarsely, forcing his shaking hands to wipe at his eyes. "I just had an accident, that's all. I'll clean it up."

“That’s not what I’m worried about, kiddo. Your leg’s bleeding.” Oh, so he’d been right about one of the pieces cutting his leg. Great. “And your hands are shaking. Do you need some help? I don’t mind.”

Before Izuku could even respond, she’d knelt down beside him and helped him pick up the pieces of his destroyed mug. When that was cleaned up, she helped him stand up, providing a steady arm for him to lean on. She walked him to the kitchen tables, since he was having trouble standing on the leg that had been cut.

“You stay right there. I’ll be right back with the first aid kit, okay? You won’t even have to go to Recovery Girl if you don’t want to, I know it’s not your favorite thing.” She said with an empathetic smile. Izuku looked a little surprised. How did she know he didn’t like the nurse’s office? At the look on his face, she continued, “What, you helped us teachers and you thought we paid no attention to you, kiddo? We can all tell you don’t like going. Just stay there, okay? I’ll be right back, I promise.”

Izuku flexed his hands, staring down at them with a lost sort of expression. The teachers knew he didn’t like going? Had they really paid that close attention? Before he could get too lost in his thoughts, Kayama-sensei had returned, this time with Aizawa-sensei and Yamada-sensei in tow. Where had they come from, he wondered?

“Hey, problem child.” Came his teacher’s familiar gruff voice. The man sat next to him while Kayama-sensei got out the stuff she needed from the first aid kit she grabbed. “We heard you had an accident. You… want to talk about it?”

It was clear this wasn’t Aizawa-sensei’s strong suit, but Izuku appreciated it nonetheless. He shrugged and wiped at his eyes again. “It’s pretty stupid.”

“If it upsets you, it isn’t stupid.” Yamada-sensei reassured him, sitting on his other side. “Even the little things matter sometimes. Everything is important to somebody.”

Izuku felt like crying all over again at the kind words they gave him so easily. Teachers never gave him that kindness before. Logically he knew U.A was different - it had been different since day one - but it was sometimes hard to accept things like this when they were right in front of him.

“I… I just wanted hot chocolate,” he said, his voice cracking. Kayama-sensei gently tended to the cut on his leg, much softer than he’d ever

treated his own wounds before. “I had a really bad day, and I just wanted hot chocolate, and then my stu-stupid hands…”

Izuku hiccuped and clenched his hands into fists, trying to bring some feeling back into them. It hurt *so bad* but sometimes the pain helped him feel grounded. It was a constant reminder that he still wasn’t good enough.

“Your hands, little listener?” Yamada-sensei asked, his eyebrows drawn up in worry. Izuku finally relaxed them, staring down at his scarred fingers.

“They hurt a lot. They shake. I can’t - can’t keep them steady. The cold makes it worse, and it just - it hurts, sensei.” He hung his head, almost seeming ashamed of himself. “It’s my fault. I couldn’t stop breaking my bones and this is what I get.”

“Don’t say that, Midoriya.” Aizawa said seriously. “It was my responsibility as your teacher to help you figure out your quirk, and I didn’t do that. If anything, it’s on my shoulders. I’m sorry you’ve been dealing with this this whole time.”

“Did you see anybody about your hands, Midoriya?” Kayama asked, now finished bandaging up his leg. “There’s specialists for this sort of thing, you know. U.A will cover the costs for you if you fill out some paperwork.”

“The doctor that did my surgery just said if I broke them again, I wouldn’t be able to use them. And Recovery Girl said she wouldn’t heal me any more, so…” Izuku muttered that last part, but they all caught it anyway.

“She said what now?” Aizawa said, his hair almost raising for a split second. He took a breath and calmed himself. “You should always feel safe here, Midoriya. I’ll talk with her about what she said. You have the right to be seen. Nedzu would have a coronary if he knew one of his students had been denied treatment.”

“I’ll speak to some doctors I know on your behalf, kiddo.” Kayama ruffled his hair. “I promise there’s something out there that’ll help with your hands. And in the meantime, if you’re in pain, you should tell one of us, okay? We’ll figure out some way to help you. You helped all of us, now it’s our turn to help you.”

Izuku sniffled and nodded. It was all he could do. “Thanks. I-I just got so upset because my hands were so shaky I dropped my favorite mug

and it broke. My mom got it for me when I was a little kid… I don't think they even make it any more." He muttered.

"It was that tacky - I mean, that All Might mug, right?" Aizawa asked, looking just a bit embarrassed to have called his favorite mug tacky. Izuku nodded again. "Don't worry, I know somebody who could get a hold of one for you. If it means that much to you, I'll get it replaced. Just… take it easy for the night, okay kid?"

"Okay… thanks." He said softly. There was a peaceful sort of quiet for a moment before Izuku finally seemed to realize something and he looked up. "Um, Yamada-sensei? What are you doing in the 1-A dorms, anyway?"

"Oh! I was talking to your teacher here about that book club you mentioned. He thinks it would be a good idea for you guys to have something to do together." He said easily. "And believe it or not, after I talked to Nedzu about it, All Might said he'd help head it. Apparently he likes English literature too, who knew?"

"He likes the American comic books," Izuku chuckled a bit. "That sounds like fun. I hope I can join soon."

"Actually, I tell you what," Aizawa sighed, "Would you like to sit with All Might for a while? I'll call him over here so you can talk to him or something. I know talking to him always makes you feel better. You still have to go to bed by curfew, though."

"Really?" Izuku asked, eyes wide. He still couldn't believe they took note of things like that about him. Aizawa just nodded.

"Yeah! And we'll make you a cup of hot chocolate. You just relax, Midoriya." Yamada said softly. After that, the three of them helped Izuku make his cup of hot chocolate. Afterwards, while Izuku was gently sipping it, Aizawa called All Might. With the warmth of the drink seeping into his skin, he thought maybe everything would turn out okay. Sure, it hurt right now, but…

There were people who looked out for him as much as he looked out for them.

End Notes

Whew!! I gotta write more parent squad stuff. It always makes me feel better. Maybe I'll write an all hurt/no comfort piece in the future just to hurt myself. I've been considering it for a while…

Either way, I hope you all liked this!
- daylightbreaks

Works inspired by this one

podfic | "Owe Yourself" by daylightbreaks by IcarusAudios (surgeryandsugar)

Owe Yourself (PODFIC) by Hurricanekat98

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